



VOL XX.



REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON CROPS.  
To the Trustees of the Kennebec County Agricultural Society:

GENTLEMEN:—The Committee appointed by you to award the premiums of the Society to successful competitors on crops, would report that the entries submitted to them were as follows:

For your premium on Spring Wheat, John May of Winthrop, I. N. Wadsworth of Kennebec.

For premium on Indian Corn, D. C. Williams and William Cochran of Readfield.

For premium on Ruta Bagas, S. N. Watson of North Fayette.

For premium on Carrots, I. N. Wadsworth of Kennebec.

We regret to say that there were no claimants in the former part of this communication, that in the month of June, 1850, I put on to my corn about seven bushels of slaked lime and ashes—two parts lime and three ashes. The wheat on the land where the corn grew was more than double the quantity than where the potatoes grew, in proportion to the land sown—proving, in this instance at least, and I think, other things being equal, the fact holds good universally, that wheat will produce much more abundantly on ground where corn grew the year previous, than where potatoes grew.

The first premium on Spring Wheat we award to John May, Esq., of Winthrop. It will be seen by his full and satisfactory statement, which herewith transmitted, that from three hundred and two square rods of land, or a fraction over one acre and seven-eighths, I raised forty-seven bushels of good red chaff Wheat. Mr. I. N. Wadsworth cultivated the same quantity of land, and it will be seen by his statement also transmitted, that he raised thirty-five bushels of the same variety of Wheat. We award to him the Society's second premium on Spring Wheat.

The first premium on Indian Corn we award to D. C. Williams of Readfield. It is well known to all that the season of last summer and autumn was very unpropitious for this crop. Mr. Williams gives a minute statement of his process in raising this crop, from which it appears that he raised one hundred and sixty-eight bushels of ears of corn on one acre,—together with eight and a half bushels of beans. Mr. Williams estimates the total expense of this crop at \$39; while the corn, reckoning eighty-four bushels of shelled grain at five shillings per bushel, amounted to \$70;—the beans, which he sold for \$1.37, came to \$11.68 more—the fodder he reckons at \$8.00, making a total of \$89.68, and leaving a balance over and above the expense, of \$50.68.

Mr. Cochran does not enter into an estimate of expenses or profits. In his statement he says that from one acre he raised 107 bushels of first quality of ears, and 17 bushels of second quality. Specimens of Mr. Williams' and Mr. Cochran's corn were presented to us, which were of good quality. We award to Wm. Cochran of Readfield, the Society's second premium on Indian Corn.

For your premium on Carrots, I. N. Wadsworth of Kennebec. His crop was 500 bushels from one-half acre of land. He estimates the expense at \$30, and the value of the crop, at 20 cents per bushel, at \$100, which would leave a balance of \$70. We award your premium on this crop to S. N. Watson of North Fayette.

But one competitor appeared to claim your premium on Ruta Bagas, viz: Mr. S. N. Watson of North Fayette. His crop was 500 bushels from one-half acre of land. He estimates the expense at \$30, and the value of the crop, at 20 cents per bushel, at \$100, which would leave a balance of \$70. We award your premium on this crop to S. N. Watson of North Fayette.

In addition to the above duties, your premiums were also directed to award your premiums on the following subjects, viz: Compost Manure, and the best method of keeping Store Hogs.

Two competitors appeared for your premiums on Compost Manure, both of whom gave in minute statements of their mode of procedure and the amount made. These were Horace Parlin of East Winthrop, and D. C. Williams of Readfield.

The subject of accumulating manures, and the best process of doing it, is of vital importance to farmers. It is gratifying to your Committee, to know that this enquiry is increasing among the farmers in this section of the State, not only as it regards the best mode of accumulating this material, but also into the "why and because" of its nature and mode of action on the whole.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY MORNING,

JANUARY 1, 1852.

NO. 1.



DESTRUCTION OF LICE ON CATTLE AND SHEEP  
ON MEAT.

During the winter season, cattle and sheep are oftentimes infested with vermin, such as lice and ticks, &c. These trouble generally happens to those lean in flesh, and the vermin prevent their thriving, and sometimes have been known to cause the death of the animal itself by the irritation and prostration of strength which they occasion. We have tried all the different washes and lotions, &c. that have been recommended for destroying these pests. Many of them are effectual, but it is a trouble to apply them in cold weather. It is no small job to wash or oil a calf or cow all over, thoroughly, in mid-winter, and if it be not done thoroughly the job will have to be done again. The easiest and most effectual mode of destroying these vermin is to suffocate them by heat of tobacco smoke. By having a large tube or box, with a tube at both ends, into which tobacco may be put and set on fire, one end of the tube may be fitted on to the nose of a bellow, and the other applied among the hair of the calf or wool of the sheep, and the smoke blown in by the bellow. The destruction of the vermin is sure. A blanket may be thrown over the creature, which will tend to keep the smoke in contact with the skin, and thus render the effect more speedy in its operation. By having a suitable instrument made, a large stock of cattle or flock of sheep may be gone over in a short time. Hens and other fowls that are infested with lice may be freed from them in the same way.

We have recently seen a small machine advertised by Hovey & Co., No. 7 Merchants' Row, New York, and by other dealers in agricultural implements, called Brown's Fumigator. It is designed for the purpose of throwing tobacco or other smoke over shrubs, flowers, &c., that are infested with lice, &c.; also fumigating greenhouses, dwellings, ships, closets, wardrobes, &c., &c., and filling them in a short time with the smoke of the substance used. We have thought this instrument might also be used for the purpose of the smoke pipe we have mentioned, and probably be a vastly better one for that purpose, as it appears better calculated for burning the substance used and for throwing the smoke in larger volumes where directed. We have not yet known it used for that purpose, and recommend a trial of it. If it be found to work well, the fact will be an additional recommendation to the invention in question.

STATISTICAL RETURNS.

Every thorough, practical business man, in order to know how he is getting along, and where he is, in a business point of view, finds it necessary to occasionally take an account of stock, or, in other words, obtain "statistical returns" of his business, by which he may ascertain what he has done and what he has. The same rule holds good in regard to companies, and the same rule applies to governments. Every government, whether that of town, city, county, state, or nation, in order to administer the government rightly, and to know what they are as it regards property makers and property holders, should see that there be made, every year, honest statistical returns.

We are delinquent in this matter, throughout, from the town to the national government. In Europe most of the nations manage this matter better. The Editor of the Genesee Farmer states that while we obtain official agricultural statistics of most of the nations of the world, in 1851, before the close of the year, those of the United States, in 1849, and taken by the census of June, 1850, we shall not get till June, 1852. The fault, he says, is in Congress, wholly devoted to party politics. Every sensible man knows that it is not necessary to wait three years after the harvest of 1849 to learn the amount of said harvest. We think the delay in such matters is not only disgraceful to government but injurious to our interests. Our republic might imitate the promptness of many of the old monarchies, and be the less republican.

Written for the Maine Farmer.

NORTH PROSPECT PIGS AGAIN.

MR. EORROR.—If you please, you may fire one more gun for the pigs of North Prospect, which, I believe, will best all you have given notice of, this season, taking into consideration. Mr. John Libby slaughtered a pig, on the 13th inst., at the age of eight months and seven days, that weighed, when dressed, 309 lbs. If any one can beat this, we will give up beat, until the next winter. Yours, truly,

LUTHER MUGGETT.

No. Prospect, Dec. 24, 1851.

All of which is respectfully submitted,

E. HOLMES,  
ALVA WADSWORTH, & Committee.

Augusta, Dec. 23, 1851.

SPRING WHEAT.

John May's Statement.

ECONOMY AND CONVENIENCE. A very neat farmer in one of the western counties of New York, who has less than fifty acres, and does nearly all his work with his own hands, accomplishes much by his ingenuity and economical contrivances. His buildings and machines, tho' of a cheap character, are kept in the neatest order. His barn-yard, nearly enclosed by his barns and other outbuildings, during the summer is nearly as clean as a gravel walk. A cheap horse power, made by a rope running on the outward ends of radiating arms, drives a two horse threshing machine, a circular saw for cutting his wood, and a small mill for grinding horse feed, and used in churning and various other purposes. His two horses are used for these purposes when not otherwise needed. His farm is not only a pattern for neatness, but productive of much solid cash; he has a place for everything, and everything in its place. [Excerpt]

It is proposed to establish a college for instruction in agriculture and the principles of mechanism, in Illinois.

use of horses three times. I also at the same time sowed on twenty-five pounds of clover and three pecks of bersegoose seed. In the first part of the month of September, I mowed the wheat—*it being so lodged that cradling was out of the question*—and put it into the barn, where it remained till about the middle of October last, when it was threshed. The quantity of land, as measured by the Messrs. Maxim and myself, is three hundred and two square rods—wanting eighteen rods of being two acres—making, as you will perceive, within a small fraction, twenty-five bushels of wheat to the acre, and almost sixteen bushels of wheat to the bushel of the bower's sowing.

I will here state what I ought to have stated

in the former part of this communication, that in the month of June, 1850, I put on to my corn about seven bushels of slaked lime and ashes—two parts lime and three ashes. The wheat on the land where the corn grew was more than double the quantity than where the potatoes grew, in proportion to the land sown—proving, in this instance at least, and I think, other things being equal, the fact holds good universally, that wheat will produce much more abundantly on ground where corn grew the year previous, than where potatoes grew.

The wheat on which I raised the premium for John May, Esq., of Winthrop. It will be seen by his full and satisfactory statement, which herewith transmitted, that from three hundred and two square rods of land, or a fraction over one acre and seven-eighths, I raised forty-seven bushels of good red chaff Wheat. Mr. I. N. Wadsworth cultivated the same quantity of land, and it will be seen by his statement also transmitted, that he raised thirty-five bushels of the same variety of Wheat. We award to him the Society's second premium on Spring Wheat.

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For your premium on Carrots, I. N. Wadsworth of Kennebec.

Allow me, gentlemen, to state, though not for the purpose of biasing your judgment, that more wheat grew upon my land than what I claim the premium for, what was certified to by the threshers. Unfortunately my field of grain lay directly in the rear of my buildings, within thirty feet, and consequently my turkeys and hens made sad havoc on the nearer part of the field of wheat, destroying, not only in my own estimation, but in the estimation of the harvesters and others, from three to five bushels of wheat, doing their work so thoroughly that not a kernel was left in the heads of the wheat where they plundered. Hence, I had been allowed to gather what wheat that grew on the field, which I have sold for over fifty bushels; but for the quantity destroyed I of course claim no reward. The amount measured up and cleaned is forty-seven bushels, grown, to \$70;—the beans, which he sold for \$1.37, came to \$11.68 more—the fodder he reckons at \$8.00, making a total of \$89.68, and leaving a balance over and above the expense, of \$50.68.

The soil on which my wheat grew, I think the major part is of a red gravelly loam; some portions inclined to clay, and a small portion is wet, heavy loam, inclined to be springy—what in common parlance we term sloughy.

I. N. Wadsworth's Statement.

I present for your consideration a statement on a crop of spring wheat raised by me the past season. The ground upon which the crop was raised was a gravelly loam, upon which a crop of corn was raised in 1850. It was manured for corn by spreading on the turf before ploughing, and ploughed in immediately after they were taken off, and cross-ploughed late in the fall, and harrowed smooth. In the spring of 1851, I hauled on three cords of green manure, and ploughed in very early. About the 25th of May, I hauled on four cords more manure from under my horse stable, where I keep my store hogs, for the purpose of pulverizing my horse bedding and such other rubbish as I choose to throw in to make manure. This I spread and ploughed in. I then pulverized the ground very fine with the cultivator and harrow. The 29th of May, I planted in rows two feet apart, after ploughing my horse bedding, where I keep my store hogs, for the purpose of pulverizing my horse bedding and such other rubbish as I choose to throw in to make manure. This I spread and ploughed in. I then pulverized the ground very fine with the cultivator and harrow. The 29th of May, I planted in rows two feet apart, after ploughing my horse bedding, where I keep my store hogs, for the purpose of pulverizing my horse bedding and such other rubbish as I choose to throw in to make manure. This I spread and ploughed in. I then pulverized the ground very fine with the cultivator and harrow. The 29th of May, I planted in rows two feet apart, after ploughing my horse bedding, where I keep my store hogs, for the purpose of pulverizing my horse bedding and such other rubbish as I choose to throw in to make manure. This I spread and ploughed in. I then pulverized the ground very fine with the cultivator and harrow. 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# THE MAINE FARMER: AN



R. EATON, Proprietor. J. E. HOLMES, Editor.

AUGUSTA:  
THURSDAY MORNING, JAN. 1, 1852.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE VOLUME.

Happy New Year!

To the eye, the shadow on the dial hath no motion, and yet man has divided its face into periods of measurement, by which the motions are marked into divisions and subdivisions, and the length of their changes called by distinctive names. So with the times and seasons called the year. Light and darkness, spring and summer, autumn and winter, move unseen, but in quick succession, until a full round of planets in their orbits has been consummated, and a new year begins the routine of like changes, but with new events. The last round is finished. A new one begins; and with it we wish you a happy new year—happy in all its vicissitudes—happy in its beginning—happy in its passage, and happy in its end. But to be happy, we have much to do ourselves, not only to rightly view the blessings and comforts which may attend us, but to prepare our minds for that state which will enable us to look upon every dispensation as coming from a superior source, to work out events for our good, and to enable us to perform the duties and uses to which we are best adapted. To effect this, it may be useful to stop, for a time, at least, the severe scrutiny we give to others, and turning the mind's eye a little inward, study ourselves. Or, perhaps, if your own eyes become a little *purblind*, by such an operation, you may borrow those of your neighbor, perhaps the mind, if any you have, and depend upon it, you will go through a searching operation, much to your profit, perhaps, not to the gratification of your self-esteem. If there be a concussey spot, or cross-grained chink or cranny in your heart or your character, it will be seen, no mistake. You'll gloss it over with duplicity or deceit—nay, they will not only detect, but they will magnify it, so that your neighbors and the public can be grafted with the sight, too.

If you have a weak spot, either a deficiency or too much exuberance of some faculty or propensity, they will spy it in a moment, and although all else may be, not only right, but first rate, they'll put this defect in the front ground, that it may receive due examination. Wouldn't it be well to set yourself to examining yourself? Mayhap such a *selfish* operation would cure you of being a very *selfish* man. Try it, some quiet Sunday evening, when the stillness of the day and the hour will allow you to get into a meditative mood, and you can have ample time to call up all the faculties and powers of your mind in review—all the propensities, good, bad and indifferent, which you have, urging you on to action—all the passions and prejudices, as well as the virtues which you have or suppose you have—call them all up, and marshal them before your judgment and reason, and make them pass in review, and report their exact condition to the inspecting officer. Such as are strong in the affection and practice of good, encourage such as are strong in the affection and practice of evil, discourage, and put them under keels till they give bonds for their better behavior. If thus prepared, we shall all be in a condition for more enjoyment, and to add to the happiness of others.

With this number we commence the twentieth volume of the Farmer. We hope, with your good aid, to help make you all happier, and the world some better during the year. If we fail in this, it shall not be for the lack of good intentions or hard labor. Give us your hand, and let us go on in the march of 1852, shoulder to shoulder, with a right good heart, will to do our duty. At the year's end, we may not have done so much as we could wish, we certainly shall have done something of good, which, added to the accumulation of what is good in the past, and what may be good in the future, will serve to swell the amount for the benefit of those who shall come after us.

Your subscription is a guarantee of pecuniary aid, of course. It is not, however, "of course," a guarantee of another kind of aid, which we earnestly solicit—viz.: the aid of your thoughts—the aid of your observation and experience in the form of communications for the columns of the Farmer, on such subjects as may be within our sphere of action, and which will not only be interesting to our inquiring readers, but will also prompt them to write. In this way we shall mutually aid each other, and at the close of 1852, perhaps, be permitted by Divine Providence to look back with satisfaction on the amount of improvement accomplished, and the progress made in the outer and the inner man—in the physical and mental departments of life.

## THE RUSH TO CALIFORNIA.

Accounts received from different sections of the State, give us information that the emigration from Maine to California will be great the present winter, and that it will take off some of our most active and enterprising young men.

We look upon this California fever with a good deal of distrust. If our young men cap go there, dig gold enough to satisfy reasonable desires, and return, without being injured in health, morals and common sense, perhaps it is no worse to go there in pursuit of property, than to go into the timber swamp or a whaling. We fear, however, for them. We have known some who have been ruined there, health in morals and property. We have known others who returned with a fair share of wealth, but at the same time unhappy and discontented. It was too small business to go to work at the small pay and slow rates here paid—digging potatoes was not digging gold, and so they were off again.

The Bangor Mercury states that twenty-one young men from Brewer and vicinity have left for the gold diggings, and a large number are going from Corinth and neighborhood. Twenty-two young men from Gardner and vicinity have left for San Francisco in the last steamer; and we know not how many are preparing to go or have just started from other places in the vicinity. So they go. We wish them well back again, with plenty of money and a good supply of contentment.

**ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.** A full and total eclipse of the moon has been announced in the almanacs, to come off on the evening of the 6th inst., (next Tuesday) commencing at about half past eleven o'clock, P. M.

N. B. The Legislature will assemble the next morning.

**OMISSIONS, &c., &c.** In consequence of the ill health of the Editor, who has been suffering with "this terrible cold," (influenza), the "Jottings," and much other editorial matter must be omitted this week.

# AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

## OPENING OF THE KENNEBEC & PORTLAND RAILROAD TO AUGUSTA.

**EDITOR'S TABLE.**  
BOSTON ALMANAC FOR 1852. One of the prettiest and most convenient Almanacs in the world, is the "Boston Almanac" by Damrell & Moore and George Coolidge, Boston. Published by B. Muese & Co., Boston.

In addition to the usual astronomical pages and monthly calendar, there is a great amount of statistical and other useful matter, and a full business directory and table of streets, with a map of the city, which is often found of the greatest convenience to strangers visiting Boston. The mechanical execution is very neat, and it makes a beautiful, compact pocket manual.

**INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY.**

Stringer & Townsend, New York, have published an interesting number of their valuable Magazine for this month. The leading article treats of Kossuth, with portraits of himself and family. The new volume promises to increase in interest and profit to its readers, who may expect contributions from Hawthorne, Kimball, and many others of our best American writers, and also from Charles Dickens, the celebrated English writer. Each number contains one hundred and forty-four pages, and can be had for twenty-five cents, or for three dollars per annum.

**BOSTON MUSEUM.** One of the most neatly printed and interesting papers published in Boston is the "Boston Museum," published by C. A. V. Putnam & Co. Not content, however, with their former handsome appearance, the enterprising publishers will issue the next volume in an entirely new dress, and will add to it many embellishments, thus rendering it still more attractive than before. They propose to furnish it to subscribers, for single copies \$2.00 per annum.

Many of our best authors write for its columns, and it makes not only a valuable weekly paper, but when bound it forms a beautiful volume of miscellaneous reading matter keeping.

**PICTORIAL CULTIVATOR ALMANAC.** The pictorial almanac which accompanies the January number of the Cultivator, and which every subscriber to that sterling work will receive, is the best that we have yet seen.

The mathematical calculations are in the usual form, but the additional matter pertaining to agricultural and horticultural subjects, is very valuable, and the illustrations make quite a picture gallery.

**FATAL ACCIDENT.** We learn that a most melancholy accident occurred at the Seyre Factory Village, North Wayne, on Saturday, Dec. 13th.

Mr. Josiah Dean, a scythe grinder, was in the act of stepping across a shaft on which were laid the tools of his trade, and the first meeting of the corporators and others friendly to the Androscoggin & Kennebec Railroad was held in Lewiston, a letter was received from David A. Neal, Esq., then President of the Eastern Railroad, and a great railroad financier of Massachusetts, in which he stated, "that both roads could be built." We made up our mind, at that meeting, that both roads would be built.

We could not help thinking, as we saw the cars entering the Depot at Augusta, of the utterance of many not very ancient prophecies for and against the possibility of two railroads ever being finished from Portland to the Kennebec River.

We well recollect when the question of two roads began to be agitated, and the first meeting of the corporators and others friendly to the Androscoggin & Kennebec Railroad was held in Lewiston, a letter was received from David A. Neal, Esq., then President of the Eastern Railroad, and a great railroad financier of Massachusetts, in which he stated, "that both roads could be built."

We made up our mind, at that meeting, that both roads would be built.

We had lived in neighborhoods upon the line of both routes—we were well acquainted with the energy, the enterprise, the vigor, and the determination of the people upon both routes.

—we knew something of the calls for each road, and the resources which were and would be called into action to support them, and we have ever since held to the idea both in public and private, that the unfortunate man was soon extricated, but the injuries he had received proved fatal. He died about 11 o'clock, the next forenoon, leaving a wife and two children.

**STANLEY HOUSE.** The recent additions to this House make it one of the very best Houses in the State. By this addition, several large and commodious halls are obtained, which, passing through the whole length of the new parts, give easy access to the new rooms, and make the House much more convenient and pleasant. The rooms are of good size, well ventilated, elegantly furnished, and as Baker is still the landlord, are of course well taken care of. The Stanley House is now A No. 1 of first class houses.

**INCENDIARISM IN ROXBURY.** On Saturday last, an attempt was made to destroy twelve new and unoccupied houses, in "Appleton's Village," Roxbury, Mass. Fires were set in them all under the cellar stairs, and the inner doors leading to the cellars were locked after the torch was applied. Four of the buildings were entirely destroyed, and one of the others was considerably injured. The night was cold, and it was evidently the intention of the incendiary to destroy them all, but by the activity of the firemen and citizens eight of them were saved.

**PHOTOGRAPHIC.**

Some fine specimens of apples have been received from Mr. Stephen Blaisdell, of Mercer. They were, unfortunately, a little touched by the frost, their passage. We are not acquainted with the varieties, but should think they were worthy of cultivation, as they are of good size, and as far as we can judge—the frost having changed their flavor—are of good quality. No. 1, Mr. B. calls the "Eastern Baldwin."—it measures the Hubstones. Nonesuch than it does a Baldwin. No. 2, "Massachusetts Pumpin' Sweet," is a large sweet apple, of a fine texture, for so large an apple. No. 3, "Cummings apple," is a large, whitish apple, conical and slightly ribbed, and of a pleasant subacid taste. Mr. B. says it bears every year and is hardy.

These apples were reared from grafts obtained by Mr. B. from different sources, and the above names are given to them, merely to designate them for the present. They are all worth propaga-

tion.

**THE WEAVER.** From records kept at the Portland Observatory, it appears that December, 1851, has been the coldest December that we have had for twenty years. The papers all over the country speak of the unusual severity of the weather. Thursday last, (Christmas day,) was a most cutting cold day. The mercury, however, sunk least on Saturday morning, it being thirteen degrees below zero, as indicated by a thermometer in the neighborhood of our office, and three degrees lower than it was on the 17th.

A correspondent who writes from Portland, Grant, Aroostook County, under date of Dec. 13th, says that the weather there has been unusually cold, the snow having lain on the ground since about the 10th of November; "and we have had some as blustering days as we have ever had—the snow at this time being about sixteen inches deep on a level."

On Sunday last, the weather moderated, and it commenced raining, which softened the snow and set the water running in the streets. The thaw continued throughout Monday; and on Tuesday, (while we are writing,) the weather is comparatively mild and spring-like.

**MANSION HOUSE.** Travelers and visitors to our city will see by S. Scrutton's advertisement where they can find first rate accommodations. The Mansion House is in a central situation as to courts and county offices, and also at a convenient distance from the State House; and every body who has stopped with Scrutton, knows him to be a very obliging and attentive landlord.

**A BIGGER PIG.** A correspondent at Brooks, in this State, writes that Mr. Gilman Roberts, of that town, slaughtered a pig, on the 20th ult., eight months and nine days old, which weighed 423 lbs. Our correspondent says, "I am not fully posted up in 'big pig statistics,'" but I believe this has not been beat this year in Maine. Mr. Roberts tried out the leaf, as it called, 46 lbs. of lard.

**VIATOR.**

Written for the Maine Farmer.

**A SINGULAR CUSTOM.**

Mr. EDITOR:—The article in your paper of December 25th, by Dr. J. S. Lynde, upon Thanksgiving Day, and its origin at Leyden, in the Low Countries, reminds me of a custom that now exists in the good old city of Harlen, in the same country—that of placing an infant's cap upon the right side of the main entrance into all dwelling houses where there are infants children, or ladies that are as those "who love their lords." These caps are of all values, from that of a few cents to that of hundreds of dollars, and they are protected by glass and frames of corresponding values, according to the means of the inmates. The custom originated during the wars carried on by Philip III., of Spain, against the independence of the Netherlands.

It is true the "natural advantages" of a place contribute, and at times rapidly, to its prosperity—but the community must perceive that they possess the natural advantages, and proceed to use and improve them, or they will be, so far as the community is concerned, as though they were not possessed.

What have been, and are to continue to be, the elements of prosperity to Augusta? We say, first, the character of its citizens. Now, we hold that every one should speak well of his neighbor, and of himself, if he conscientiously can, and though some may never, and say that some they can point out are not better than they should be, and perhaps think them not as good as themselves, yet, let them look into other communities, and see if we have more than only a wealthy and prosperous, but an educated, intelligent and enlightened people, for a people are generally well grounded in the substratum of education and intelligence. Education and intelligence, at least of the right sort, beget generally correct business and social habits, which, in their turn, induce prosperity and wealth, so that, in fact, knowledge, intelligence, enlightened and enlarged views are the substratum of prosperity in every community, whether general or local.

For what your resources to be developed, your dormant energies, without the eye of intelligence detects, and the hand of enterprise and industry awakens them into activity! Every community must depend much for its prosperity upon the character and efforts of its members. It is true the "natural advantages" of a place contribute, and at times rapidly, to its prosperity—but the community must perceive that they possess the natural advantages, and proceed to use and improve them, or they will be, so far as the community is concerned, as though they were not possessed.

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For what



## The Must.

Written for the Maine Farmer.

A POEM FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR.

BY SARAH E. MOOWER.

In deep amanuend, here I stand,  
Midst multitudes on every hand.  
I gaze upon the mighty throng,  
Till my rapt sense melt in song.  
What grand design what brilliant star,  
Attract the nations from afar,  
The sons of industry to toil,  
From different lands, from different soil,  
Far o'er the ocean, from distant lands,  
Present the labors of their hands,  
Greatest and art's works have brought—  
The fruit of sleep and searching thought.  
Rulers, and kings, and princes, too,  
Are here, the grand display to view.  
Though different nations here compete,  
Behold! on friendly terms they meet—  
With good this enterprise is fraught—  
Wisdom the prize that all have sought.  
May every nation win the gem,  
And wear it in her diadem.

May this grand exhibition  
Like silken cords, thrown o'er the sea,  
Which will in close connection bind  
The hearts and interests of mankind.  
Of may this flag of truce, mangled,  
Bear love inscribed on every fold;  
And, furthermore, my it never cease  
To wave above a world at peace.  
Many are raving to and fro—  
Knowledge and wisdom, how they grow!  
Soon to our vision will unfold  
That day, by prophets long foretold,  
When bloody swords to phalanxes beat,  
Will till the soil beneath our feet;  
When famine, plagues and wars shall cease,  
And all the nations dwell in peace.

Behold the morning star arise,  
"Tis glimmering in the eastern skies,  
We see it beaming from afar,  
O! 'tis a bright, resplendent star!  
She will the bright millennial sun,  
Arise on earth, to course to run;  
Then will its celestial light,  
Dispel the shades of error's night.  
Dost not to west, pole to pole,  
Where lightnings flash and thunders roll,  
Or, where the bright horizons steams,  
Till earth another Eden sees;  
And no dark spot here be found,  
Where sin and ignorance abound,  
But every creature on the sod  
Will love mankind and honor God.

For the Maine Farmer.

THE ROSE AND THE MAID.

BY HANNAH S. ABBOTT.

I saw a fresh rose on a calm summer's morn,  
Overshadowed with leaves she sat by a thorn,  
Her charms half obscured from sight;  
As I beheld her, concealed in her bower,  
Her robes filled with dew-drops, methought that flower

Was the rose soon must drop her sweet leaves on the ground,  
The red gales of summer will waft them around,  
And the maid shall decay in the tomb.

Since time, things are transient and fleeting as air,—  
I ask you, young ladies, for life to prepare,  
Seek not the pearl of great price;

That, with your good morals, will gain you a name,  
The remembrance of which will like odors remain,  
When ye shall have bloomed in the skies.

## The Story-Celler.

From the Mother's Assistant.  
WHAT SMALL HANDS MAY DO.

A PRIZE ARTICLE.

BY MRS. S. S. A.

Emily Fanning and Lucy Dale lived opposite each other in the same street, in the little village of Elmington in Massachusetts. Emily lived in a pretty white house, with blinds, and a little court-yard in front, filled with lilac and syringa and rose bushes. There was a row of thrifty young trees before the house; and on the sunny side was a garden surrounded by a white palisade, and filled in summer with long beds of vegetables, except the borders of the walks, which, from early Spring till late in the Autumn, presented a show of gay flowers. On the other side of the house was a long, low wing, with a separate door, and this was a store, for Emily's father was the store-keeper of the village. It was a neat, trim, pretty place, and Emily was the prettiest thing about it, neatly dressed as she always was, and as gay as a lark in doors and out.

Emily was out of doors a great deal. She had a love of flowers, which was almost a passion; and, as her mother kept a good servant, and had but a small family, Emily had plenty of time allowed her to work in her garden; and it was she who arranged the flower borders with so much taste, and kept them in such beautiful order. From the first appearance of jonquils and daffodils and snowdrops till the last of the amaranths and marigolds and clina asters, no day ever saw the small china vases on the mantel in the parlor, or the glass goblet by the side of her father's plate on the breakfast table, without its pretty bouquet of flowers. It was a pleasure to gather them, but a still greater pleasure, if possible, to cultivate them. How quickly she cleared the breakfast-table, washed the cups and saucers, and put every thing in its place, that she might snatch her sun bonnet and run to her flowers! How willingly in a dry time would she coax Nancy to fill an immense tub with water, that it might stand in the sun and be ready when she came at evening, with her brown gloves and nice green painted watering pot, to revive her drooping favorites with a shower of the precious liquid!

One day, when she had finished unpacking a bed of double pink, she sat down upon a rustic chair which her father had made and placed under a cherry-tree in one corner of the garden, to cool and rest herself. She looked over to Mr. Dale's. She saw Lucy going in and out. First it was for a pail of water, then for an armful of wood, and after that for a basket of potatoes. Emily had a kind, good heart. Her mother was a cheerful, pious woman, and she had taught her daughter, both by precept and example, to follow the Golden Rule. "How sorry I am for Lucy Dale," thought Emily. "She is always neat and clean. Nancy says 'dirt won't stick to her'; but how poor her clothes are, and how hard she has to work, and how little time she gets to go to school or to cultivate flowers!" And it is a shame, too; for she is so quick at every thing, and she loves whatever is nice and beautiful so much. And then that old weather-worn house, and that broken fence, and those sprawling bushes, and that lazy father who is the cause of it all. Now she takes her seat by that little garden window. I wonder what she does there with every leisure moment she can get!"

Let us step over to Mr. Dale's and see. Mr. Dale was at work in the kitchen, as she generally was; for, having a husband and six children, and not being able to keep any help, the wants of her family kept her busy from morning till night. She was a shrewish father's daughter; and a gay, blooming girl she was at the time of her marriage with William Dale, the carpenter, the best dancier, the best singer, and the best story teller in the village. Light hearted and happy she was at the time, and very ambitious about her house and her person; but year by year she had

## THE MAINE FARMER: AN

been growing thinner and poorer, and her house had been growing biter, till at the end of fifteen years, the time at which we see her, she was a faded, despondent woman, surrounded with a sombre, desolate, affectionate child, who did all she could to lightened her mother's burthens; and yet it was a grief to the mother's heart to see her growing up with so few advantages and pleasures as the poor girl enjoyed. And why was all this unhappiness, all this discomfort in the family of an active, healthy man, still in the prime of life, with a good trade and a fair field for labor? Alas! his talent for pleasing, joined to an innate love of amusement, had been his bane. Wherever there was any public spectacle, any horse racing, any military parade, any gathering of the idle for any purpose, in his own or the neighboring towns, there Dale was sure to be, making merriment for the surrounding crowd, and forgetting home, wife, and children, in the enjoyment of the present time.

The more he indulged in this kind of excitement the more reckless he became; the simple pleasures of home lost their relish to him. He

spent scarcely one-half of his time at work; and the money he earned, instead of being applied to make his family comfortable, was spent in gambling, betting in a small way, and drinking.

"But how are you to pay for the warp and weft?" inquired Emily; "and how are you to get it made and put down without your father and mother knowing it?" Lucy said she had it all planned out, and that she would tell her on these days.

How differently Lucy felt when Emily left her! What help there is to the poor, forlorn heart, in the kind, encouraging words of a friend! Lucy raised her thoughts thankfully to the giver of every blessing, and felt strengthened to meet the inevitable ills of her situation.

And her young heart had need of all the strength she could gain, both from piety and sympathy.

At a day or two after this, she had been working with all her might to make up her scarlet balls when, on leaving her garret room, she heard the harsh, impatient tones of her father's voice, and she knew what a sad, uncomfortable scene was before her. Her father was storming because supper was not on the table, though it was half an hour before the usual time; but he was going to spend the evening at the quarters of a travelling circus, and as he had only money enough to pay for his entrance ticket and the two or three bowls of punch which he knew he should want, he must have his supper before leaving home. Lucy found her mother weeping, her little brother, who had the fever and ague, shivering in the chimney corner, and her father, with a red face and an angry look, devouring some bread and meat which he had hastily set upon the bare table.

It was afternoon, and Lucy was sitting in the window of her little garret room, while the baby of whom she had charge was creeping about, when a gentle knock came to the door of her chamber.

"May I come in, Lucy?" said Emily Fanning.

Lucy loved and admired Emily, but she was sensible of the disparity in their circumstances; and this, together with being surprised at her work, caused her an almost painful embarrassment. Emily played with the baby, and rattled away gaily for a while, but still Lucy was ill at ease. "This will never do," thought Emily. "I see that Lucy is about something which she wishes to conceal; but she shall make me her confidant before I leave the room. I am determined upon that—yet how shall I set about it?"

Lucy took the pitcher and went to the store-room. The barrel was almost empty and the cider ran slowly. She had time to see how bare the place was. A hand bone hung on a nail, a piece of skinny pork lay on a broken platter, a few lean tallow candles hung from a hook; and these were the stores of a place which, with her recollection, had been kept filled with nice and comfortable things. "Oh," whispered the poor girl, "how happy I should be if I could influence my father! Who knows but I may if I try?" and she raised an earnest wish for assistance to her Father in heaven.

As she returned hasty to the kitchen, she stumbled and fell; the pitcher was broken and the cider spilled. The angry father called her a careless brat, and, for the first time in his life, struck her a violent blow. For an instant pride, anger, shame, and a sense of cruel injustice, rushed in a tide over the poor girl's heart. It was a moment of trial, but she had asked for strength, and strength was given her. She quelled her passion, and looked up into her father's face with a beaming smile of love and pity. "I am sorry, father," she said gently, "I will be more careful in future. Let me brush your coat and hat before you go." And she brushed his coat and hat, and tied on a clean neck-cloth, and bade him a kind "good night," as he went out at the door.

"What a brute I am!" murmured Dale to himself, as he walked up the street, "to treat such a child in such a manner. What are we all coming to!" And so strongly did the piteous smile, the struggles of love and grief in Lucy's face, haunt him, that for a moment he forgot the circus. He turned into a field and sat himself down under a haystack to think.

While sitting there, several parties of men and boys strayed along towards the circus tent. Presently he heard one say to another, "Have you got any money, Bill?"

"No," replied the other, "but Dale will be there, and he always has enough to treat. He's a genuine good natured fellow."

"Generous, good natured! do you call him?" Lucy said the first speaker.

"Yes," Lucy said, "And now, when we are going to go 'double-hop' with our arms around each other's waists; and how we used to read little stories, looking over the same book and leaning on each other's shoulders; and how we promised always to be friends, and tell each other every thing!"

"Lucy, (almost inarticulately.) "Yes."

"Emily. "And now, when we are getting to be large girls, and might be real friends and do each other good, we are growing almost strangers. You scarcely ever come into my garden, and you do not tell me any of my little plans and achievements as you used to do."

"Emily, there is a greater difference between us now than there used to be. I have heard my mother say, that when she and your mother came here to live in Elmington, they were equally well off, and equally respectable. Now, you are a rich man's daughter, and I am a poor man's child. You can dress handsomely, and have your own time to do what you please. Let us see how Emily managed it. She drew a chair close to Lucy's, and after sitting a minute or two, she said, "Do you remember, Lucy, when we were both young, that is about eight years old, what nice times we used to have playing together, see-sawing under the great maple, and trundling our hoops on the Green?"

"Lucy. "Yes, I remember it very well."

"Emily. "And do you remember the day we were both christened by good old Mr. Ambert, how, as he passed us as he came down the church steps, he said to us, 'Little children love one another!'"

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"Emily. "And do you remember how we used to go 'double-hop' with our arms around each other's waists; and how we used to read little stories, looking over the same book and leaning on each other's shoulders; and how we promised always to be friends, and tell each other every thing?"

"Lucy, (almost inarticulately.) "Yes."

"Emily. "And now, when we are getting to be large girls, and might be real friends and do each other good, we are growing almost strangers. You scarcely ever come into my garden, and you do not tell me any of my little plans and achievements as you used to do."

"Emily, there is a greater difference between us now than there used to be. I have heard my mother say, that when she and your mother came here to live in Elmington, they were equally well off, and equally respectable. Now, you are a rich man's daughter, and I am a poor man's child. You can dress handsomely, and have your own time to do what you please. Let us see how Emily managed it. She drew a chair close to Lucy's, and after sitting a minute or two, she said, "Do you remember, Lucy, when we were both young, that is about eight years old, what nice times we used to have playing together, see-sawing under the great maple, and trundling our hoops on the Green?"

"Lucy. "Yes, I remember it very well."

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